And thou brother *Montague*, in Leiſterſhire,
Buckingham and Northamptonſhire ſhalt finde,
Men well inclinde to do what thou commands,
And thou braue *Oxford*, wondrous well belou'd,
Shalt in thy Countries muſter vp thy friends.
My Soueraigne with his louing Cittizens,
Shall reſt in London till we come to him.
Faire Lords take leaue, and ſtand not to reply,
Farewell my Soueraigne.

King. Farwell my *Hector*, my *Troies* true hope.

War. Farwel ſweet Lords, lets meete at Couentry.

All. Agreed. *Exeunt omnes.*

Enter Edward and his traine.

Edw. Seize on the ſhamefac'ſt *Henry*,
And once againe conuey him to the Tower,
Away with him, I will not heare him ſpeake.
And now towards Couentry let vs bend our courſe,
To meete with *Warwicke* and his confederates.

Exeunt omnes.

Enter Warwicke on the wals.

War. Where is the poſte that came from valiant *Oxford*?
How farre hence is thy Lord, my honeſt fellow?

Oxf. poſte. By this at *Daintry* marching hitherward.

War. Where is our brother *Montague*?
Where is the Poſte that came from *Montague*?

Poſte. I left him at *Donſmore* with his troopes.

War. Say *Summerfield*, where is my louing ſonne?
And by thy gueſſe, how farre is *Clarence* hence?

Summer. At *Southam* my Lord I left him with
His force, and do expect him two houres hence.

War. Then *Oxford* is at hand, I heare his Drum.

Enter Edward and his power.

Glo. See brother, where the ſurlie *Warwicke* mans the wall.

War. O vnbid ſpight, is ſpotfull *Edward* come?
Where ſlept our ſcouts, or how are they ſeduc'd,

That